

A black and white photograph of a grand, ornate doorway. The doorway is framed by large, textured marble columns. Above the doorway is a decorative pediment featuring a central floral motif and a smaller, more intricate design on the left. The doorway is open, revealing a dark interior space with arched doorways in the background. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures of the marble and the architectural details.

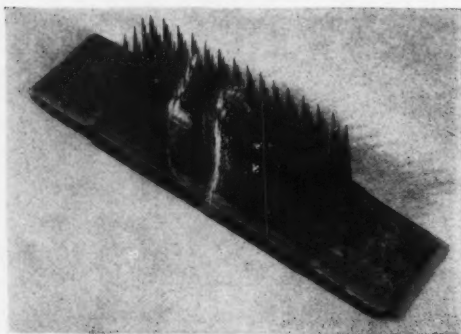
CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

May 1957

XI

★ ★



Flax heckle commonly in use during home-manufacturing period of early Colonial days. From the collection of the Carnegie Museum.

During 17th century American Colonial days, settlers were forced by the shortage of English coins to use Dutch guilders, Portuguese joes, Spanish doubloons and other types of foreign money. But there was still a shortage of coins.

So, it became a generally acceptable trade practice to use Indians' wampum. Littering the eastern shoreline was an abundant supply of shells from which wampum beads were made. However, a laborious process was required to assemble the highly polished wampum beads. This placed a limit on the amount of wampum in circulation.

Wampum was declared legal tender in Massachusetts and, as late as the end of the 17th century, was the principal money of New York.

From that era of crude improvisation, the monetary system of the United States, supplemented by modern banking practices, has progressed to its present flexible form that meets the expanding economic needs of our society.

[illegible]

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THE COVER

One of the doors, surrounded and defined by splendid marble, which lead from the Foyer to the vaulted vestibule of Carnegie Music Hall. Since 1907 these portals have given access to one of the most important musical and cultural centers of Pittsburgh.

The Foyer itself, a magnificent example of Edwardian architectural virtuosity, is an eloquent testimony to Pittsburgh's cultural pride and one of the richest American monuments of a lavish age.

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MAY CALENDAR

SCHOLASTIC ART AWARDS

The thirtieth annual exhibition of high-school art and craft work sponsored by Scholastic Magazines includes some 1,500 pieces selected from 175,000 entries and is the sequel to nearly 40 regional shows. A preview the afternoon of May 10 will precede the opening May 11, and the exhibit will continue through June 2 in the third-floor galleries. (See page 162.)

THREE SCULPTOR-PRINTMAKERS

Prints by three artists who have won fame for their sculpture and have also been outstanding printmakers may be seen in gallery J May 13 through September 29. They are Alberto Giacometti (Swiss, 1901-), Henri Laurens (French, 1885-1954), and Giacomo Manzù (Italian, 1908-). The prints comprise one of a series of exhibits from the Fine Arts print collection that will continue indefinitely. The new show succeeds prints by Mary Cassatt (1845-1926), a native of Old Allegheny who worked in France.

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE CERAMICS

Ceramics from Japan of the present day continue in the Treasure Room through June 16 and include three groups: pieces by individual artist-potters, ordinary commercial ware, and folkcraft or local pottery. (Page 156.)

ONE-MAN SCULPTURE SHOW

George M. Koren's sculpture may be seen through May 19 in gallery K. Mr. Koren is a graduate of Carnegie Tech and a member of Associated Artists of Pittsburgh.

ADULT HOBBY CLASSES EXHIBIT

The seventh annual exhibit of painting, sculpture, reproductions of casting, and millinery by students in the adult hobby classes will be shown in the second-floor galleries May 15 through June 9. Students and their guests will vote for popular prizes at the evening preview May 14. Gift certificates from the Art and Nature Shop are awarded as prizes. Each student enrolled in a class is invited to enter one piece in the show. Enrollment this spring has numbered 436.

OUTDOOR DRAWING AND PAINTING

Roy Hilton and Raymond Simboli will hold afternoon and evening classes on techniques of landscape drawing and painting in a variety of mediums for six weeks beginning June 17. Registration fee of \$12.00.

NEWS PIX SALON

Press Photographers Association of Pittsburgh are holding their thirteenth annual News Pix Salon with 225 photographs taken for local newspapers, this month through June 2 on the balcony of Dinosaur Hall. (Page 176.)

SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS

Marshall Bidwell presents a recital on the great organ of Music Hall each Sunday afternoon from 4:00 to 5:00 o'clock, sponsored by the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation.

South Hills High School Choir, Ralph Crawford, director, will be Dr. Bidwell's guests on May 19. On the 26th Wilkesburg Civic Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Reichenfeld, conductor, will present the program, with Dr. Bidwell playing the Handel *Concerto No. 1*.

WE HUMANS

Eight panels sponsored by the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations, prepared by the Museum's Section of Man, with explanatory pamphlet published by the United Steelworkers, and having to do with intergroup strains and stresses, may be viewed on the first floor.

NORTH AMERICAN MAMMALS

The big-game mammals of North America, executed in models one-sixth natural size by Harold Clement, chief preparator of mammals, may be seen on the second floor of the Museum. These include the different species of the bear, deer, antelope, seal, and cattle-sheep-goat families.

This exhibit enables student and sportsman to study the characteristics of many large North American mammals at once. Mounted specimens of more than forty species of Pennsylvania mammals are arranged in one case elsewhere in Mammal Hall.

BIRDS OF PARADISE

The brilliant colors and ornate plumes of the males have made this family of birds legendary since their discovery by Magellan's expedition in 1522. Twelve species are shown in a new case in Bird Hall.

TOYS OF YESTERDAY

Turn-of-the-century American toys, including a kitchen stove and utensils, baby buggy, and cardboard soldiers, in the exhibit from the Pittsburgh Doll Club and Museum collections fascinate young and old alike.

STORY HOUR

Story hour for boys and girls from five to twelve years old comes at 2:15 o'clock, Saturday afternoons, in the Boys and Girls Room at Carnegie Library.

The preschool story hour on alternate Tuesdays concluded in April, as did the free Saturday movies.

A SINGLE PEBBLE

Reviewing John Hersey's latest best seller

SOLOMON B. FREEHOF

COMMUNIST China will be an important factor in the final outcome of the Cold War. The role China will play depends not only upon Communist doctrines, but also upon the changing mood and the basic character of the Chinese people. Social psychology can transform theoretical doctrines.

The inner life of this great people, therefore, becomes an important element in modern history. That is why we are especially grateful to John Hersey. His recent book reveals an intimate knowledge of the Chinese psychology. The son of a secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, he was born in Tientsin, a center of American Christian missionary activity. He, however, was brought to America at the age of ten, eventually went to Yale, and worked as personal secretary to the novelist, Sinclair Lewis. He has written the best sellers, *A Bell for Adano*, *Hiroshima*, *The Wall* about the Warsaw ghetto, and now this new book, *A Single Pebble*.

The book is deeply affecting and leads us very quickly into the heart of the people. He tells it in the first person in such a way that it immediately grips the attention. It is the story of an adventure he had about 1920. The simplest way to give its flavor is, perhaps, to tell it as he did.

He says, in effect: "I was in my early twenties and so was the century. I had recently been graduated as an engineer, and my firm sent me to China on a preliminary survey up the Yangtze River to see whether it was worth while making any definite plans for engineering work—dams and such—on that mighty river. In preparation for this task, I

first of all studied Mandarin so that, at least in the best-known of the Chinese languages, I could converse easily. Then," he tells, "I studied the river, that two-thousand-mile river with tremendous gorges and rapids in its central portion, which sometimes in the spring rises as much as a hundred feet with terrifying speed and inundates thousands of square miles; that mighty mass of destructive power—what a blessing it could be to humanity if it ever would be tamed! So I studied the river and studied Mandarin, and appeared in Shanghai, China.

"Now I could not begin to study the rapids until I had journeyed a thousand miles inland, up the river. The first thousand miles is through flat country, and so I took the advice of the American consul in Shanghai. I took an English gunboat, *H. M. S. Firefly*, for a thousand miles up the placid part of the river to the town of Ichang, which was the beginning of the gorges. There, according to the advice of my consul, I left the boat and engaged myself as a passenger on one of the hundred large, wooden ships, Chinese junks, that traverse the gorges, up and down, at certain seasons during the year."

These junks are about a hundred feet or so long and about twenty feet wide, with one enormous bamboo sail and a large sweep to steer it. It takes twelve men to move the sweep to and fro according to the orders of the pilot. In the gorges the boat is moved forward against the mighty current by about a hundred, sometimes two hundred, men on foot, dragging a towline up the rocky shores. "On such a boat—one that carried two hundred bales of goods from Ichang to Wanhien

at the end of all the rapids, not more than a hundred and fifty miles—I engaged passage.

"There was an oldish owner and captain. They called him 'Old Big.' He had a sparse little Chinese beard of about a hundred isolated hairs. The owner's cabin was on deck, and my little place was back of it. And I learned about China," he says, "the first day. We had made arrangements, and everything was prepared to leave at dawn because time was important. If you delayed a little too long, with spring coming on, the gorges would be impassable. It would be like trying to sail up Niagara. So we were in a hurry and we were to leave at break of dawn the next day. The night before, I got on the junk with my bedroll and baggage and was given my place to rest.

"Dawn breaks. The cook, a fat, jolly, good-natured man with shrewd, black eyes, said to Old Big, the owner, at dawn, that he did not get the expected load of white cabbages and he was going into Ichang to get it. Well, I thought," he says, "that was a silly thing, not to be fully prepared. He should have settled it the day before. We were in a hurry. But I did not talk to the cook, I just wondered about it. He took his bag of copper cash and went down the rickety pier into the town, turned back smiling. He did not come back for an hour, did not come all morning. I thought the owner would be frantic, and I talked to him. 'Oh,' he said, 'There is no way.' This was their frequent phrase, 'There is no way.' There is no way of doing it differently."

Hersey continues: "I was going mad with impatience, knowing that time was important. And there they were, the owner and his young wife, playing a sort of gambling game with bamboo, and the men sitting around loafing and joking. Then, about sunset, the cook comes back carrying three live chickens tied together (whether he had the cabbages

or not I do not know). He came up smiling. Everybody greeted him with a smile, and they all went to sleep.

"Well, I do not understand these people. Have they no sense of time? But next morning we finally left and went our leisurely way. We were going through a beautiful lake, with violets along the banks and dark blue mountains in the distance. The crew paid no attention to the beauty. We just sailed through the lake all day until we came to a cleft in the wall. That was the first gorge. We anchored on the outside of this first gorge.

"Next day I saw the real mode of transportation for the boat. We went along the side of the gorge, and there were a hundred men pulling the towrope. At the head of them, the chief man who pulls the towrope was singing, and the men seemed to be groaning. That leader was perhaps the most important man, more so even than the captain. He was 'Old Pebble,' (in a sense, the hero of the book). Old Pebble proved to be a young man of thirty-five, but 'old' is a term of affection in an ancient civilization. The men were pulling against the current in the gorge, and he was singing. I asked the young wife of the captain about him, and she told me that he also has the title of 'Sound Suppressor,' because, as the men pull their heavy junk against the terrific current, they groan with every step, and he sings to cover their groaning and also to keep their minds occupied.

"Later," the young engineer relates, "as I learned the songs—the many songs, for he had a tremendous repertoire—I found they were all folklore, what we would call fairy tales—beautiful princess, marvelous palace, a young prince, adventures. They lived in this dream world while they stepped foot before

The final of four reviews of current novels, derived from the lectures given by Dr. Freehof for the public each autumn at Temple Rodef Shalom and received with enthusiasm by his Wednesday-morning audiences.

foot, carrying the heavy junk with every lean forward. They had a sort of a harness around their middle, and the rope went from harness to harness. Presumably you could, in danger, unhook your harness and step free, but it did not always work because of the tension. They leaned against their harness, and with every step groaned, 'Ai-ah, ai-ah,' an expulsion of breath, and he, the Sound Suppressor, sang in a beautiful, clear voice the ancient fairy tales. And so they went the first day."

At the end of the day they came through the gorge and tied up the junk. The Sound Suppressor, Old Pebble, the chief tracker, came on board, and the American got to talk to him. "I asked him what he planned to do with his future. 'Plan?' he said, 'I just pull the towrope.' 'Well,' I asked, 'have you saved any money? Do you have any ideas of what will happen?' 'Oh,' the tracker said, 'I do not save money. I pull the towrope. I treat my friends to wine when we are in the city. I never quarrel with anybody. I am "an old good," so that when I get old and have to retire from the river, my friends will give me a fairly good funeral.' "

The young American says, "I was dazed. Here was an able man, clearly skilled in his work, with a great deal of beauty and poetry in his mind. Yet he had no ambition, did not care about his future. What kind of a life is it? What kind of a people are they that are not rushed by time and have no sense of personal ambition?

"Then," he tells, "we went through some more still water. I got the fever and had to lie in my bunk three days, and the old captain sent his wife Su-ling to nurse me. I noticed that she kept her distance from me, and I had a horrible thought. We have prejudices at home," he says. "Can it be that the white race, according to the Chinese imagination, has an unpleasant aura, and that they consider me inferior and freakish? It was a very

humbling thought. But as I got better the next day, she said she had her husband's permission to tell me stories of the river: She was full of legends, some in poetry, some in prose, some from the last century, some from two thousand years ago. The whole folklore of the people was in her mind, just as it was in the mind of Old Pebble, the tracker."

Well, after that he noticed the young wife of the captain watching the tracker intently, and realized that she loved him. Her heart was with him. Su-ling said to Hersey, "He works for work. He loves the river. He is like a tired old man if he is in the city. This is his life." That was a sort of answer to the lack of ambition. The tracker loved the work. He was part of the river, and whatever he learned, he learned from the river.

It is very hard to account fully for the psychological impact of this book. It is hardly a full book, more of a novelette, a hundred and seventy pages or so. You are fully convinced by it, you are certain that Hersey is giving you a true picture of the national character that ultimately is the destiny of the Chinese people. It is a strange social character. What he tells us by his novelist's art is corroborated by what we know from other studies of China. Chinese people are so different from any other. It is as if they grew up in their long civilization isolated from the world. Their arts are different, their crafts are different, the tools, the household utensils are different, their recipes are different. They developed a magnificent civilization apart from our world, and, therefore, have a strange national character that is difficult for us to estimate.

Quite brilliantly, by putting a young, impressionable American engineer on that junk going up the Yangtze, the author gives us constant contrasts. We see at one glance what it is that seems strange and alien to us. This is a people without our sense of time. Now,

part of our own greatness as a nation is our sense of time. We grudge a wasted second. We put engineers in factories to make time studies in order to save one motion, one fraction of a second. We are a people in a hurry, and partly for this reason we have done our part in making it possible for poverty to be abolished in the world. We do not understand a people who have no sense of time. The young American was bewildered, but he soon discovered that, if they have no sense of time, they do have a sense of eternity. The river has always been the same. The pathway on the bank was dug over two thousand years ago. The great boulders in one of the gorges have been rubbed down by the bamboo rope of towlines over thousands of years. They have a profound sense of duration.

Another reality of their psychology is, they are people who have no driving ambition. Ambition is always connected with the sense of time. We have ambition because we feel we had better "get going." We do not have any time to waste. The years are rushing by. When will we accomplish what we want to accomplish? The Chinese has little personal ambition because he has no sense of hurry. He gets that from Buddhism. The engineer asked the cook, "What do you believe happened to the tracker, to his soul, to his future?" And the cook said, "What happens to the flame when the candle goes out? It is done, and there is nothing bad about it. You do your work, and you enjoy it while you can."

This lack of personal ambition, this sense of timelessness, has much to do with national destiny. A nation composed of individuals such as ours, who have personal ambition and want to change their own lives, tends to have an urgent sense of mission, a strong desire to change the world. A sense of mission is a personal ambition extended universally. The Chinese have little personal

ambition, no sense of world mission. They are not concerned with the changing of the world. So in this, as they differ from us, we can see that their character will affect our own destiny.

This people will never be completely enamored of Communist or of any doctrine. They have had the impact of Confucianism, of Taoism, of Buddhism, and they simply remolded them into practical ways of daily life. Communist doctrine as such means nothing deep to them. Communist discipline may be easy for them, and it is not likely that they make much disturbance. They are patient. But they will never be persuaded to become a Communist missionary movement. They will take some of the practical benefits of the Communist movement, but flaming devotees they will never be. They never became real devotees of Confucianism or of Taoism or of Buddhism. They accepted and modified them all. The Chinese will digest Communism, keep it, but in all likelihood, except for a young revolutionary generation at the beginning, will never send it as a charged missile against the world. To this their character seems to point.

But it is clear that John Hersey has another intent besides expounding the relevance of Chinese character to the world destiny today. He has another purpose that is perhaps, while less world-shaking, more heart-touching.

We remember what he did with his *A Bell for Adano*. His timing was curious. We had just been invading Italy. We still remembered Mussolini, his swashbuckling braggadocio and his murder of the Abyssinians, his virtual wrecking of the League of Nations, and the torture in Italy. Yet precisely at that time, when the Italians were our enemies, he wrote a book to prove to us how lovable the Italian people are. He wanted to make a distinction between the character of the people and the nature of the government imposed upon it.

Now that was a bold thing to do. The book could easily have been unpopular.

Then he did precisely the same thing with the Japanese. The war was hardly over. We still remembered Pearl Harbor. We remembered the jungle fighting, the bloody torture in the Japanese prison camps. Yet Hersey did the same thing as he did for the Italians—he made us understand the Japanese people in *Hiroshima*. He took the risk of running counter to our violent war prejudices, and again he made a distinction between the people and the government imposed upon them, to show the lovable side of simple people. It is remarkable how far he has succeeded. Not only is this a compliment to his literary skill, but also to the American people that in such dangerous periods they are still capable of a fellow-feeling for alien nations.

All the more difficult and all the more effective is his achievement in *A Single Pebble*. The Chinese people is potentially the most powerful communist menace to the safety of our world, next to Russia itself; and yet he wants to show us what its true character is, not only because its character is its destiny and indicates what the Chinese people will do with their communism, but also because its character touches our hearts. Greatly different from them in our sense of time and our feeling of personal and world ambition, yet we are similar in many, many ways. Or, even when we are not similar, we understand remarkable virtues.

It disquiets the young American engineer that the Chinese do not want the river changed. But it is because they are completely integrated into their world. Their world lives in their hearts. Every little spray of an artist's drawing is a corner of their world. They have fitted themselves, after three thousand years, to carrying its burdens, walking its towropes. They are a genuine part of their world.

And beyond that, they bear their burdens—and they are heavy—with a remarkable health of soul. What would we not give if some magic psychiatrist could bestow upon us such psychic help that, after a day of toil and problems and danger, we could, like those Chinese workmen on that junk up the Yangtze, just smile and forget about it, unimpressed by the bullying of fate. Their cheerfulness is remarkable. There is a basic, simple heroism in them that inspires the heart and awakens a little envy and deep appreciation.

What John Hersey has done in two other books (leaving out his larger novel, *The Wall*) to bridge a gap between ourselves and a people whom it would be easy for us, under the special historical circumstances, to dislike, he does again. He shows the national character that will affect their destiny, perhaps for the world's betterment.

This he does as an artist does, as a Chinese artist would do it. A Chinese artist would never draw a forest, but just one branch. This is based upon a Taoist doctrine, that all of nature is in every unit of it. So, with a little story of a trip up this one river, Hersey has reflected the soul of a people. He has given us the whole landscape of Chinese history by putting into our hands a single pebble. It is a great work of art.

* * *

The population of the world may be divided according to its religious beliefs into the following classifications, according to the 1957 *World Almanac*:

Christian	804,306,860
Moslem	416,570,028
Hindu	315,999,465
Confucian	300,290,500
Buddhist	150,310,000
Taoist	50,053,200
Shinto	30,000,000
Jewish	11,866,620
Zoroastrian	140,000
Primitive	121,150,000
Others or none	306,247,327

TO CONTINUE QUALITY EDUCATION

A \$24,350,000 Building and Development Program was announced last month by Carnegie Institute of Technology. The program, the first extensive public fund-raising effort in the fifty-seven-year history of Carnegie Tech, will enable the school to continue as a great seat of learning, knowledge, research, and creative attainment.

The multimillion-dollar program was announced jointly by Benjamin F. Fairless, chairman of the executive committee of United States Steel Corporation; and Gwilym A. Price, chairman and president of Westinghouse Electric Corporation, at a dinner in the Duquesne Club attended by three hundred and fifty leading executives of business and industry. Mr. Fairless and Mr. Price, trustees of Carnegie Institute and Carnegie Institute of Technology, are cochairmen of the Carnegie Tech Development Program.

Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, 1909 electrical-engineering graduate and honorary chairman of the Development Program, attended the dinner and addressed the guests. Sidney A. Swensrud, former board chairman of Gulf Oil Corporation, and John P. Roche, president of Heppenstall Company, are serving as vice-chairmen of the campaign.

Since the end of World War II, Carnegie Tech has been faced with the necessity of a major physical expansion and academic improvement program.

Pride in the accomplishments of the past has forced fuller realization of what must be done to effect the full educational potential at

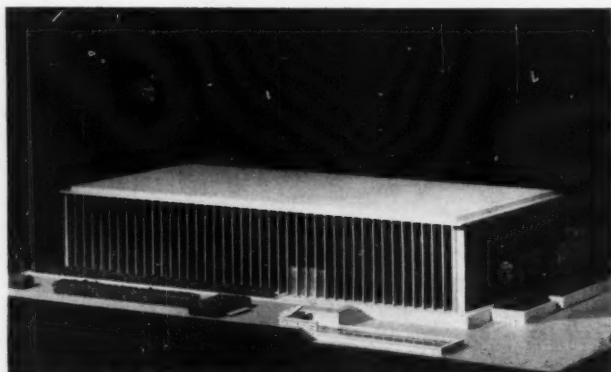
Carnegie. Technical advances, changing times, and economic pressures all stress the importance of this development and expansion program.

The Carnegie Board of Trustees, the Administration and Faculty have outlined the steps that must be taken to maintain Carnegie's outstanding reputation as follows:

1. Expansion of faculty, increases in faculty salaries, and costs \$7,000,000
2. Four new buildings and campus improvements 9,100,000
3. Endowment for College of Fine Arts and Margaret Morrison Carnegie College for Women 8,250,000

While the Development Program will change the face of the school, it is not intended to solve the problem of education in the pure and applied sciences and fine arts by mere numbers. Carnegie Tech does not intend to deviate from its path of quality in education.

Thus the expansion will not greatly increase the present capacity of 3,300 day students and 1,800 night and summer students. It will, however, permit modest enrollment



MODEL OF THE GENERAL LIBRARY PLANNED FOR CARNEGIE TECH



MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE DISCUSS THE PROPOSED CAMPUS DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM: RICHARD KING MELLON, GWILYM A. PRICE, BENJAMIN F. FAIRLESS, PRESIDENT J. C. WARNER OF CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, AND CHARLES E. WILSON.

increases of approximately 10 to 20 per cent in engineering and science.

The four new buildings planned are:

1. A two-million-dollar Dramatic Arts Center, including a modern theater with rehearsal rooms, classrooms, set construction and backstage facilities.

2. A two-million-dollar Engineering and Science Building, housing mechanical and electrical engineering, computation center, new nuclear-engineering program, laboratories, and research equipment.

3. A \$2,300,000 Campus Activities Center, including dining room, meeting rooms, and quarters for student recreation and activities.

4. A \$1,800,000 Library to pull together under one roof the various branches scattered throughout the campus.

In addition, a separate campaign within the printing industry is proposed for a School of Printing Management Building.

* * *

The world has eighteen times more water below sea level than land above. And life occurs everywhere in the sea, but only on the surface of the land. If our globe were smooth—no mountains, no ocean basins—everything would be flooded $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles deep.

* * *

There are no true Water Moccasins in Pennsylvania or any of the adjoining states. Locally, the name "water moccasin" is often improperly applied to the Northern Water Snake, a moderately large though nonpoisonous water snake.

MADE IN JAPAN

HERBERT WEISSBERGER

THE exhibition of ceramics by present-day Japanese, on view in the Treasure Room adjoining the Hall of the Decorative Arts until June 16, is bound to create a twofold reaction. On one hand, the wares shown will challenge the prejudice that Japanese ceramists are usually merely imitative. On the other, here are a good number of examples to give the more positive attitude that there are Japanese potters whose claim to creativeness cannot be disputed.

The collection was selected and is circulated throughout the country by the Japan Society of New York, John D. Rockefeller III, president. It is the property of the Consulate General of Japan in New York City, and its history goes back to the winter of 1955. At that time it was made up in Tokyo by the Kokusai Bunka Shinkōkai, an organization for the promotion of international cultural relations. The materials were first exhibited in Japan at the Mitsukoshi Department Store in January of last year. In case this sounds odd, it should be mentioned that in Japan the department stores take over many of the functions of museums in this country. The larger stores are accustomed to present exhibits, ranging from national treasures rarely brought out of the private collections of which they are often a part, to the latest styles in flower arrangement.

Pieces in the exhibition fall roughly into three categories; namely, into the output of individual potter-artists, into folk pottery, and into commercial wares. Actually there are instances of considerable overlapping, especially in the first two categories. For in a number of works by individual artists, there are echoes of either folk pottery or of more sophisticated wares of the past. Inversely,

some of the folk pottery, as well as the products of local kilns, attract by their sophistication.

It should be stressed that, though aesthetically and technically linked to tradition, several individual artists offer evidence of new ideas. Thus familiar shapes or glazes emerge as products of manifest originality, as, for example, in the vases by Ishiguro, Shimizu, and Taki, artists of Kyoto. The mysterious brown plaque by Kumakura, with its abstract design incised or scraped over a partly rough and partly glossy surface, and the mat aquamarine and turquoise glazes sending subtle color waves over the surface of the platter by Asami strikingly attest to capacities for innovation. The large white bowl by Suzuki, decorated with a blackish-brown stylized plant design, crisp and imaginative, furnishes further proof of considerable potentialities. These are but a few examples to illustrate an array of objects, each of them worthy, which limited space prevents mentioning individually.

It has been observed that not the least merit of this exhibition lies in the fact that it ties up with ideas of modern living. For, although they are objects of art—an impression probably still more emphasized by the fact that presently they are seen in museum vitrines—it must be remembered that these vases, bowls, and basins are essentially utilitarian objects. Were we asked to point out a specific object to take its place in house

Mr. Weissberger, curator of decorative arts at Carnegie Institute, has arranged this exhibit. The Japan Society, sponsor, with headquarters at the Savoy-Plaza in New York, is composed of American Japanese who wish to help bring the people of both countries closer together in mutual appreciation and understanding.



PLATES IN A SERIES BY HAMADA, NOTED CERAMIST (8" diameter)

or garden, our choice would probably fall on Kitaōji's flower basin of Shigaraki ware, a masterpiece as to texture, color, sweep, and balance.

Shown, too, are several distinct pieces of commercial ware made in the district of Seto. Not shown are representatives of mass production and mass exportation. For one reason, they can be seen at stores all over this country. For another, they do not represent Japanese pottery at its best. Devised to win out in a competitive world market, they adapt themselves too readily to the not-too-discriminating taste of a large buyer's public. If blame there be, blame should not be laid on the East that produces, but rather on the West that absorbs such wares. Limited mostly to imitations of either Chinese, Japanese, or European types, like all imitations they are lifeless. As such, they are alien to a production anchored in a living tradition.

For, unlike the stagnant state of mind responsible for the monotony of copies on a large scale, tradition, by absorbing ideas, will always revitalize itself in the continuous process of its existence. Thus, the blend of a tested past and of contributions instinct with

the freshness of a new creativity lends its particular note to the selection shown in this exhibition in the Treasure Room. Seen as a total, one may become aware again that pottery as an art derived from the earth cannot fail if practiced by a gifted people that has not yet lost contact with the earth.

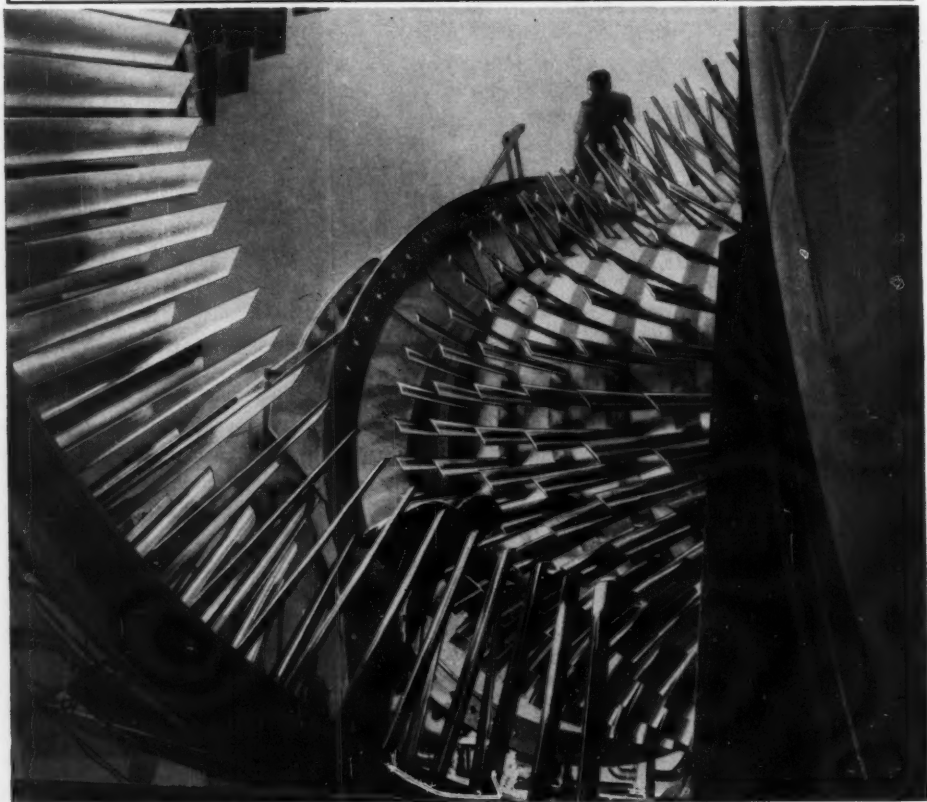
A NEW LOCATION

DOWNTOWN and Business Branches of Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh open jointly at their new location, 435 Diamond Street (ground floor, Kaufmann's Service Annex) on Monday morning, May 6. Downtown Branch will be located just inside the doorway, Business at the rear of the area, with seating space for readers nearly doubled. The better lighting and air-conditioning will be enjoyed. Although jointly housed, the two branches will retain their separate entities and functions.

Business Branch has been located on the fourth floor of the Frick Building since 1952, and before that occupied space in the Union Trust building for more than twenty-five

[Turn to page 166]

Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well



Stainless Steel Porcupine. This ferocious-looking machine bristles with Stainless Steel spikes, and for a good reason, too. It's the main drive compressor for a supersonic wind tunnel at the National Advisory Committee

for Aeronautics' Lewis Flight Propulsion Laboratory in Cleveland. It delivers a ton of air per second at a velocity of 1200 to 1800 miles per hour! The tunnel will test full-size turbojet and ramjet engines.

UNITED STATES STEEL



THE OLDEST ART GALLERY

DOROTHY MILLER

IRON and steel and coal and aluminum and atomic energy—this is Pittsburgh to most people the world over. It is mystifying to them, therefore, that this great industrial city is the home also of the world-famous Carnegie International, of noteworthy smaller exhibitions of painting, and of distinguished private collections of art. It is less mystifying, however, when one recalls that, well over a century ago on Wood Street in Pittsburgh, the oldest art gallery in continuous existence in the United States came into being.

Pittsburgh, though still busy hacking away the wilderness, even then was laying the groundwork of the vast industrial center it was to become—forging implements for pioneers passing through the Gateway to the West and beginning to resound with the clang of the foundries along the “bottoms” and the rumble of the “timber wheels” bearing pipes, bars, and boiler plates from the rolling mills. Yet amid the soot and dust and clatter of such activity, a small gallery opened its door onto narrow, rutted Wood Street and began to assume a unique role in the development of Pittsburgh art.

To be sure this little storeroom was a far cry from the present establishments of J. J. Gillespie Company or Wunderly Galleries. For when eighteen-year-old John Jones Gillespie bought Albree's Novelty Shop at 6 Wood Street in March, 1832, it was a matter of practical business to cater chiefly to the

needs of those bound for the West, to deal largely in notions and small household items. But J. J. Gillespie's was destined to be far more in the life of Pittsburgh than a novelty shop; in a short time it was to become and to remain for decades the vital center of the city's art life.

True, there were little flurries of art activity elsewhere in the community during these years. Chester Harding, who worked for a time as a house painter in Pittsburgh, returned in 1833, an artist of some distinction, to do a portrait of Mayor Harmar Denny; Thomas Sully, of considerable stature as a painter, journeyed to Pittsburgh to do more than a dozen family portraits; and ironmaster John H. Schoenberger was beginning to assemble Pittsburgh's first private art collection.

But it was at Gillespie's that the local artists of the middle years of the century gathered under the four gas jets to view one another's paintings, discuss those exhibited in the windows, and exchange theories and plans. It was their one-room Montmartre.

To Gillespie's came J. C. Darley and James Reid Lambdin, who shared the portrait-painting of the municipal celebrities of the period; Albert L. Dalbey and J. Warren Fisk, young portrait painters of promise; Jaspar Lawman, a scenery painter at nearby Old Drury, who was inspired to go to Paris to study under Couture; Russell Smith and W. C. Wall, who preserved on canvas so many old Pittsburgh scenes; Emil Foerster, who, after study at Dusseldorf and Frankfurt, returned to paint more than six hundred portraits of his fellow townsmen. Here, too, came George Hetzel, John Donaghy, Otto Krebs, Alfred S. Wall, and Joseph R. Wood-

Miss Miller, a native Pittsburgher, is associate professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh. She received her doctorate at the University and is the author of *The Life and Work of David G. Blythe* (1950), published by University of Pittsburgh Press. The water color shown on the next page is owned by J. J. Gillespie Co.

well; the latter two, particularly, exerted great influence in the cultural development of Pittsburgh.

And to Gillespie's, too, came David G. Blythe, perhaps the most colorful personality of them all; his sharp-witted, tangy paintings were placed from time to time in the store windows chiefly because of Gillespie's friendship for the eccentric, erratic painter. Few dreamed that a century later many of the paintings would hang in some of the nation's foremost galleries and collections, prime examples of American genre. It is interesting to note that the only glimpse of this artists' rendezvous has been preserved in a water color by Blythe, in which he shows himself and Isaac Broome, the sculptor, in conversation near the doorway on May 15, 1865.

But there were others besides artists who frequented Gillespie's during this unique period in the gallery's history. These men played important parts in the fostering of art in Pittsburgh. They were young bankers and industrialists who enjoyed the lively company of the painters and caught something of their zest for art; for out of these gatherings, directly and indirectly, probably came the beginnings of collections such as those of John Caldwell, Henry Kirke Porter, D. T. Watson, Charles Lockhart, J. J. Vandergrift, J. M. Schoonmaker, William Nimick Frew, William Thaw, Herbert Dupuy, A. M. Byers, and others. Admittedly, influence is an elusive intangible to measure and trace, but it seems most likely that interest in art bred at these gatherings at Gillespie's influenced vitally the hopes and plans of Pittsburgh art-enthusiasts.

In still another way Gillespie's contributed



DAVID G. BLYTHE AND ISAAC BROOME AT GILLESPIE'S
Water color (1865) generally ascribed to Blythe

to the growth of interest in art in Pittsburgh. The Great Fire of 1845 had leveled the original gallery, along with much of the downtown section of the city, but a new building was constructed at 86 Wood Street (later numbered 422 Wood Street). In the expanded quarters J. J. Gillespie introduced frame-making, gilding, and picture-restoring, although his most lucrative business was dealing in fine glass and Belgian mirrors.

And in the early '50's he went abroad and collected prints and lithographs of the old masters, the first to be shown west of the Alleghenies. These probably inspired the first print to be published in this area, a lithograph from the popular painting, *The Pioneer's Defense* by Trevor McClurg, engraved by August Waegner, and published by Gillespie's. But more important, Gillespie's

old-master prints introduced most Pittsburghers to European paintings and must have added immeasurably to the art-consciousness of the community.

In July, 1886, J. J. Gillespie died, a decade before Andrew Carnegie's gift to Pittsburgh of the Carnegie Institute with its Department of Fine Arts, which was to become the most potent force in the fostering of art in Pittsburgh. Other galleries—such as Wunderly's in 1894—and associations of artists came into being to strengthen and preserve the enthusiasms kindled in the artists' gatherings at Gillespie's. And Gillespie's, itself, has continued through the years to serve the community under the leadership of A. S. Wall, A. C. McCallum, John E. Frazer, Will Hyett, and others.

So it is not incongruous that an art-minded community should rise against the backdrop of coal tipples, power generators, and smokestacks. Its vigorous interest in art had been

BICENTENNIAL BRIEFS

1825 . . . Lafayette was here.

The reception accorded the French war hero of the American Revolution was the most spectacular ever held in Pittsburgh for a foreign visitor. Time has not dimmed the memory of the gay affair.

—ROSE DEMOREST

sparked and fed more than a century ago, along with the rearing of its foundries and rolling mills. Indeed, the roots of fine exhibitions and collections reach deep into the history of the city.

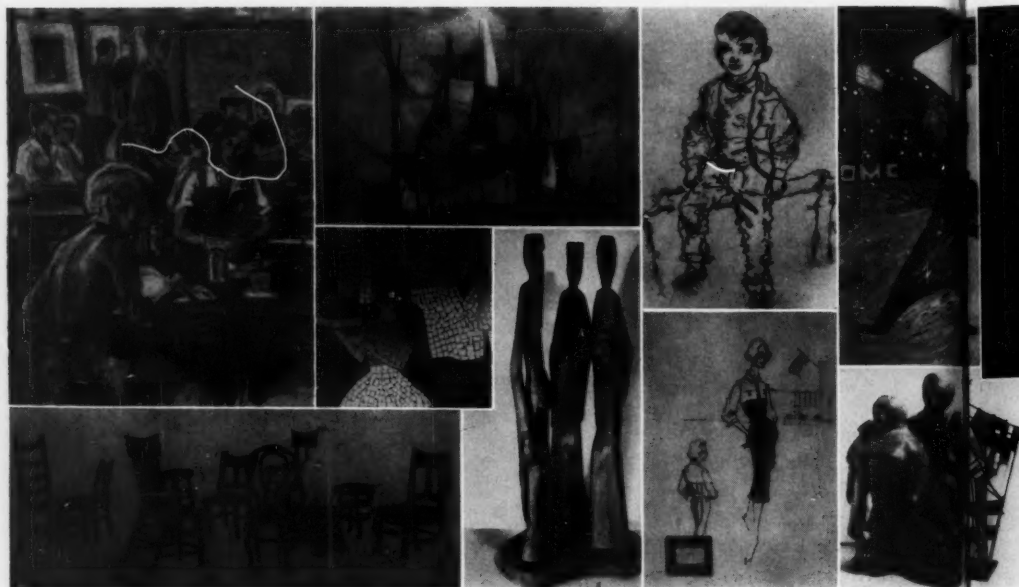
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SCHOLASTIC ART AWARDS

WITH the opening of the national Scholastic Art Awards at Carnegie Institute, for the thirtieth exhibition since 1928, comes the announcement that Pittsburgh will be seeing this event for the last time as an annual affair, according to Maurice R. Robinson, president and publisher of Scholastic Magazines, sponsors of the project.

While definite future plans have not been set, Mr. Robinson says that Scholastic Magazines are seeking ways to give wider scope and greater effectiveness to the Art Awards program. Increased emphasis on the regional phase, which he feels is the heart of the program, is one of the several moves under consideration. He is hopeful of reducing the national exhibition in size, if not emphasis, and at the same time giving increased opportunity for students and art educators to see and be

inspired by work that has been honored at the national level.

Mr. Robinson, a native Pittsburgher, has piloted the Scholastic enterprises from their beginning in 1920 as a small local weekly of the Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic League to its present publishing operation of 12 magazines. Almost three million grade- and high-school students and their teachers subscribe to the magazines, which today total seven weeklies, four monthlies, and one summer bi-weekly. In addition to these and the Art Awards, the organization also sponsors writing and photography awards, and conducts the Teen-Age Book Club.

The Art Awards program is conducted annually through 35 to 40 regional exhibitions under school, community, and commercial



sponsorship. Student artists living in unsponsored regions submit work through their schools to a special jury in Pittsburgh for selection to the national exhibition. Often called "the biggest art show on earth," the national exhibition represents tuition scholarships valued at \$70,000 and cash honoraria, provided by leading firms in the art field, totaling about \$18,000. Two thousand certificates are also presented.

The exhibit in Carnegie Institute's third-floor galleries this year from May 11 through June 2 brings some 1,500 pieces selected from 175,000 regional entries grouped into 26 arts and crafts classifications. Among these, 530 receive cash honoraria, and 100 seniors will be awarded tuition scholarships. Selection was made by a thirty-two member jury composed almost entirely of previous Scholastic Awards winners now well established in art careers of their own—thus attesting to

the strength and accomplishment of the program. Students of this area will receive their scholarships and awards at a preview the afternoon of May 10.

This year the Pittsburgh regional show again was held at Kaufmann's in February. This is the fourteenth year of Kaufmann's sponsorship, and the firm was awarded a joint citation from Scholastic Magazines and Carnegie Institute for distinguished service to the youth of America.

The new plans for the Art Awards program will not mean any present personnel changes. Continuing as Mr. Robinson's right and left bower are Jennie Copeland, executive director of Scholastic Art Awards, and Karl Bolander, known to art educators all over the country as "the Johnny Appleseed of art." Mr. Bolander, however, will retire in another year. Headquarters for Scholastic Magazines and the Art Awards are in New York City.

The best-known
name in glass . . .
also means
out-of-the-ordinary
glass

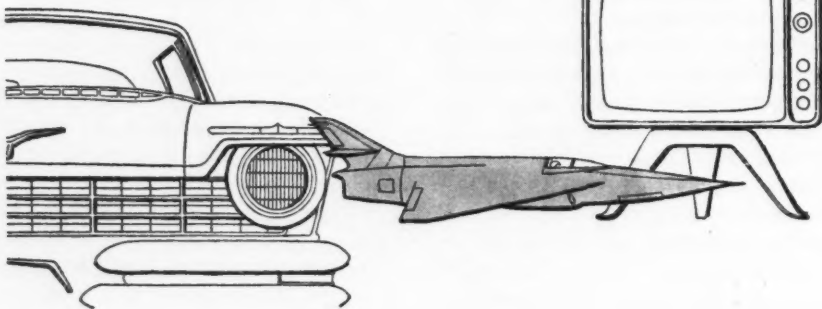
The word "glass" usually brings to mind *ordinary* transparent glass—the kind you find in windows. But Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company also specializes in making *unusual* kinds of glass.

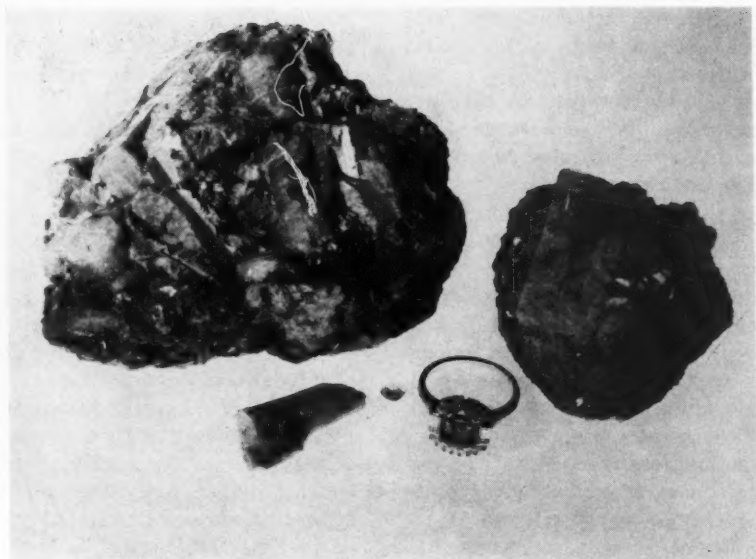
For example, there's laminated automotive glass for windshields that absorbs heat and cuts sun glare, thereby keeping the inside of cars cooler and reducing eyestrain. There's special glass for homes to provide effective window insulation. Then there's glass for television screens. And there are bullet-resisting glass, X-ray lead glass, aviation glass and many others.

Yes, the best-known name in glass means *more* than glass. It also means out-of-the-ordinary glass.

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Courtesy Museum collection and Grogan Co.

EMERALD IN MATRIX AND AS A POLISHED GEM

EMERALD FOR MAY

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

THE bright, clear, grass-green emerald is one of our scarcest and most desirable and valuable gems. Actually it is one of a number of gem stones of the mineral beryl. Aquamarine is the light blue variety, while golden beryl is the honey-yellow. A pale pink to rose-red variety is the gem Morganite, named for J. P. Morgan, a collector of rare jewels. The presence of a little chromium is believed to give the particular beryl, emerald, the green color that makes it so highly prized as a precious gem.

Unfortunately emeralds are rarely flawless,

and inferior stones have little value. A clear, transparent emerald of a bright, deep green color usually brings a higher price than a diamond of the same size and quality. It is not unusual for a faultless emerald to cost from one thousand to ten thousand dollars per carat.

For years the source of emeralds found in the wrappings of Egyptian mummies was a complete mystery. From ancient inscriptions it was known, however, that Greek miners were employed in mining emeralds during the times of Alexander the Great. Later Cleopatra is thought to have owned the mines. Finally, in 1820, a French explorer rediscovered mines near the shore of the Red Sea in upper Egypt. Evidence of the old workings can be seen

today, although they are thought to have been started as early as 1650 B.C. No emeralds are found there at present.

Emeralds were the most precious discovery of the Spanish when they conquered the Incas in Peru and the Aztecs in Mexico. An emerald the size of an ostrich egg was worshipped by the Incas as the Mother of Emeralds. Before the Spanish could capture the Indians, many of the stones were thrown into the deep lakes of the Andes. Great quantities of magnificent stones, however, were sent back to Europe and some were captured by English privateers before they reached Spain. The crown jewels of many European countries contain emeralds once cherished by Incas.

For years the Spanish tried to find the original source of the emeralds, but the Incas, although tortured, would not reveal it. Finally an area near Somondoco, Colombia, was shown them by some friendly Indians. This spot is still being mined, but only inferior stones have been found. Today probably the world's finest emeralds are found about a hundred miles away at Muzo near Bogotá, Colombia. Here the emeralds occur in pockets of calcite in a black, bituminous limestone containing Neocomian ammonites of Lower Cretaceous age. The origin of the gem stones is thought to have been due to the metamorphism of the limestones by solutions from pegmatite intrusions.

Emeralds have long been very popular with the Russians, and their crown jewels contain some notable stones. They are conveniently found on the east side of the Ural Mountains. Some fairly good emeralds have been found at Stony Point in Alexander County, North Carolina, but this source seems to be exhausted. Other localities are the nearly inaccessible mountains of Tyrol, western Australia, and Chaffee County, Colorado.

Little folklore has grown up around the emerald. Perhaps the stone was too rare and

not well enough distributed. Some virtues, however, are credited to this stone. It was reputed to cure dysentery, guard against epilepsy, and drive away evil spirits. Because of its color it was said to be good for the eyesight. Nero, it is recorded, watched the gladiatorial games through a celebrated emerald of large size.

The Bible mentions the emerald in several places. On the ancient breastplate of the Jewish High Priest it represents Judah of the twelve tribes. St. John is symbolically represented by the emerald. According to the Book of Revelations, this stone formed the fourth foundation of the city of Jerusalem.

Because of the bright green freshness of its vegetation, resulting from the warm, moist weather from the Atlantic Ocean, Ireland has become known as the Emerald Isle. Since the emerald may be described as being green as the grass of a spring day, probably no other stone is so well suited to be the birthstone of May.

—E. R. ELLER

A NEW LOCATION

[Continued from page 157]

years. Its collection of seven thousand volumes makes needed information available for people in business and industry in the downtown area. The staff answered eleven thousand reference questions in 1956. Anna B. Pomeroy heads the Business Branch.

Downtown Branch was opened at 442 Oliver Avenue in the autumn of 1943, spurred on by gas rationing. Its four-thousand-book collection, featuring new books, plus material from the central Library, provides general and recreational reading for business men and women from the great corporations and smaller businesses in the Golden Triangle. Over sixty thousand books were circulated from Downtown Branch last year. Marion B. Baker is in charge of the Branch.

THE TRIUMPHANT STONE

A study of the Foyer of Carnegie Music Hall

JAMES D. VAN TRUMP

ON the morning of April 11, 1907, there gathered at a municipal reception in the Foyer of Carnegie Institute a large assembly of important personages—diplomatic, academic, professional, and financial—to celebrate the dedication of the new building that was a gift from Andrew Carnegie to the City of Pittsburgh.

The brilliance of the company was in a way outshone by the splendors of the Foyer itself. Possibly these notables should have moved about to the music of Elgar, but the music would not have been needed since the architecture is such a perfect embodiment of Edwardian self-satisfaction and sumptuous display. And even today the glamor and the glory, although a little dimmed and tarnished, have not departed. These fanfares of marble and pyrotechnical exhibitions of gilded plaster are as remarkable to behold now as they were then. The Foyer is certainly the most splendid ceremonial hall in America (where halls of ceremony are not numerous), and probably it can hold its own with most European examples of the type—if not on the score of taste, at least on that of richness and bravura.

There is no doubt that the Foyer was amply conceived, even by the standards of an ample age, and very richly executed, at a time when richness was considered a sine qua non of the architecture of public buildings. The mere recital of its physical dimensions is impres-

sive—the room extends the entire width of the Music Hall and is 60 feet wide, 135 feet long, and 45 feet high. A great colonnade of twenty-four marble columns, 28 feet high, supports, at the level of the Music Hall gallery, a balcony that entirely circles the room. The columns bear Corinthian capitals in gold, and they are surmounted by a lavishly decorated cornice and ceiling. French in style—that neo-Baroque type which had been given such an impetus by the work of Charles Garnier (1825-98) and had so dominated the Parisian Ecole des Beaux-Arts during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—the Foyer quite lacks the movement and exuberance of Garnier's Paris Opera House (1863-75) and the buildings of the Paris Expositions of 1889 and 1900, being more nearly akin, in a certain coolness and soberness of tone, to French classical work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In its lavish use of luxurious materials and the heavy elegance of its detailing (the ornamental grammar of the later French Renaissance is here pretty well "run through"), the Foyer is a true and representative monument of the Edwardian era—that period between 1900 and 1914—which was the high summer and heyday of the capitalist world.

It was that world which constructed this brilliant hall as a place of promenade and a visible embodiment in marble and gold of its pride and its power, its industrial and financial achievements, its weighty and polished richness, and its luxurious if rather self-conscious devotion to culture. The Foyer is a monument, not to the pomp of princes and the circumstance of kings but to the majesty

Mr. Van Trump holds a master's degree in architectural history from the University of Pittsburgh. He has done considerable research on the work of Pittsburgh architectural firms at the turn of the century, particularly that of Alden and Harlow.

and affluence of merchants and manufacturers—that class which had risen to power during the nineteenth century and now wished to show forth its strength in a tangible way. The social emphasis had shifted from the royal and the aristocratic to the bourgeois and municipal, and the art of building reflected the change. Sumptuousness was not, however, eschewed by the new patrons, and the public buildings of the Edwardians were compact of ceremony and display; they seem to be always, in retrospect, *en grande tenue*, as it were. The dress for the occasion was intended to be magnificent; if the style was borrowed from the past, it didn't much matter; the cloth was cut to suit the spirit of the new age, and the garment was worn with a certain air of assurance. The architecture of the Foyer reflects the tempered and restrained Baroque of the age of Louis XIV, but no one would mistake it for a work of the seventeenth century; in its general tone and feeling, as well as in some of its detail, it is purely a room of the early twentieth century.

The work of Alden and Harlow, the local architectural firm responsible for the design of the Foyer, reflects, as did that of most of the fashionable firms at the turn of the century, the kaleidoscopic changes in American taste. The revived Classical manner of the late nineteenth century, which succeeded the Richardsonian Romanesque, divided into two main streams—the Italian largely sponsored by McKim, Mead and White, and the French as exemplified in the work of such firms as Carrère and Hastings. In 1891 Longfellow, Alden and Harlow (Longfellow withdrew from the firm in 1896) had won the competition for the Carnegie Library and Music Hall with an early Italian Renaissance design, but since the later French Renaissance and neo-Baroque were highly sympathetic to the Edwardian age, the firm deserted their Italian phase for the new style when they were commissioned

to make designs for additions to the original building. The contrast between the two is demonstrated most forcibly when one compares the Quattrocento detailing of the Music Hall with the French ornament of the Foyer. The new project had been studied as early as 1900, when the preliminary sketches (including one perspective rendering of the Foyer) were shown at the first exhibition of the Pittsburgh Architectural Club, but the final drawings were not finished until 1904. The two Italian campanili on either side of the Music Hall and the vestibule of the Hall itself were removed, and the pavilion containing the Foyer erected in their place. The uneven, rather Romantic silhouette of the earlier structure thus gave way to an ordered, balanced composition that centered about the great central dome—an arrangement faintly reminiscent of Garnier's Paris Opera. It is, however, the two flanking pavilions of the main façade, with their Parisian elegance and grace, that announce most persuasively on the exterior the Edwardian grandeur of the Foyer.

One of these pavilions, with its sculptured representations of Literature and Music atop the corner piers, gives access, through chastely designed bronze portals, to the Foyer. We are prepared for the coming marmoreal wonders by two vestibules lined with orange-colored dark Montarenti Sienna marble, overarched by gilded ornamental ceilings. Even here, in this small place of entrance, everything glows and shines—the gold leaf, the marble, and the plate-glass doors—for one is, after all, entering the Edwardian world. No social group since the Romans, it is probably safe to say, had such a passion for marble as the Edwardians. Indeed their admiration for all rich and glamorous stones—exemplified not only in architectural adornments but also in such minor objects as the luxurious and precious toys of Fabergé—assumed almost the proportions of a cult or, rather, it was only one

evidence of the general cult of *grand luxe* so characteristic of the period. And the shining stone and the gold looked even richer when seen through heavy polished sheets of plate glass. Here in the Foyer vestibules, however, the display of glass is unostentatious, merely a small sumptuary note that serves to give a preparatory glimpse of the glories beyond.

It does not matter whether one sees the Foyer for the first or the hundredth time, the first impression is apt to be rather overwhelming. There is something at once exhilarating and oppressive in this plenitude of marble—the richly patterned red Castelpoggia, white Italian, and Vert Antique floor, the dark polished rotundity of the columns (the pillars at the angles of the room are, however, square), and the rich but delicate colors of the

inlaid walls. In one's everyday utilitarian clothing one feels strangely out of place here—all the marble and gold cry out for the complementary shimmer of silk and satin. Such architectural formality seems to demand ceremonies that even the opulent Edwardian era could not provide, and the great hall is redolent of its aristocratic ancestry.

The ceremonial hall has a long tradition in Western architectural history, where the gallery, with or without columns, was important as a place of meeting, procession, or promenade. In this tradition might be mentioned the Roman baths with their great vaulted and pillared rooms; the early Renaissance galleries of Francis I and Henry II at Fontainebleau, which prepared the way for such magnificent rooms as the Galerie des



VIEW REVEALING THE FULL ELOQUENCE OF EDWARDIAN ARCHITECTURAL RHETORIC

Glaces (1679) at Versailles and the Galerie d'Apollon (1662) in the Louvre; the great entrance hall at Kedleston, England (1759-65) and St. George's Hall in Liverpool (1839).

However, the immediate prototype of the Carnegie gallery is certainly the Foyer of the Paris Opera; the latter is similar to the Pittsburgh room in spirit if not in execution, as the decorative schemes are rather different—at Paris, for instance, the colonnades are lacking. The lush, Second-Empire overelaboration of the Opera Foyer, with its almost frightening wealth of adornment, is in subtle contrast to our room where the subdued richness of ornament bears witness to the fact that, if Pittsburghers did not take their architectural pleasures sadly, they at least took them with quietness and decorum.

It cannot be contended that the logical and finely articulated plan of the Paris Opera was emulated to any great extent at Pittsburgh, although it must be admitted that the architects did the best they could in fitting the new addition to an already existing building. It is possible that the design of the new structure, as well as the Foyer itself, was for the most part the work of Howard K. Jones (1873-1931), who was chief draftsman in the office of Alden and Harlow at the time the building was constructed, although he later became a partner in the firm. Whether or not he was also the most important designer, he must have had, by virtue of his position, a great deal to do with the execution of the design.

The progression of rooms from the first vestibule of the Foyer to the Music Hall itself is logical and coherent. It is unfortunate, however, that the stairways are so indifferently treated and that the carriage entrance should have been placed at such a distance from the Music Hall. If the treatment of the stairways is dull, the quiet decorative scheme of the connecting room between the

Foyer and the Hall, with its paneling of light Montarenti Sienna marble and its gilded vaulting, provides an unobtrusive connecting link between the French opulence of the one and the Quattrocento delicacy of the other. Generally speaking, from the point of view of the total ensemble, it is perhaps a fault that so much architectural eloquence should have been concentrated in the Foyer.

It is certainly the abundance of marble in the Foyer that provides most eminently the expansive Edwardian tone. The index to the marbles, preserved among the Foyer drawings, has almost the effect of an elaborate French menu of the period. Eschallion, Istrian, Vert Tinos, Hauteville, Red Numidian, and Montarenti Sienna sound good enough to eat, and it is most appropriate that the Foyer has been used as a dining hall on occasion. The great Vert Tinos columns—they are all constructed in three segments with separate bases—were shaped in the marble contractor's yards and then put in place. The Eschallion wall panels, which are separated by pilasters of Vert Tinos, are intricately inlaid with varicolored marbles, and these designs were executed by special workmen on the spot. Over the doorways are handsomely carved cartouches of unpolished marble, which provide welcome accents of relief among so many shining surfaces.

At one end of the room is a wide recess, screened by four smaller monolithic Tinos columns, that contains a bronze statue of Andrew Carnegie. At the other extremity of the hall, unpolished carved piers uphold the hooded fireplace, which bears the arms of the City of Pittsburgh in the center of the hood. This mantel provides another stylistic and rather anachronistic note in the design of the Foyer, since it is a Quattrocento echo from the earlier building (there was formerly one of these hooded fireplaces on each side of the Lending Room of the Library).



Stewart Love, Pittsburgh Press

THE FOYER CEILING WITH ITS LAVISH GOLDEN NEO-BAROQUE DETAILING

All this glowing splendor suggests the rich snobbism, the hectic *éclat*, of the hotels de luxe of the period and recalls forcibly the heavy grandeur of Edwardian banking rooms. The Foyer is surely related to such luxurious places of resort as—to choose an example at random—the Palm Room of the Hotel Belmont in New York (1906), where the marble columns are red and the general tone French. Green marble columns had appeared in Pittsburgh at the Union National Bank (1906), but the financial stone is not so handsome as the municipal, in this case.

Wilmer M. Jacoby, whose father, as proprietor of a marble yard in Philadelphia, did some work on the decoration of the Foyer, has been very helpful in supplying the writer

with information on this aspect of the construction of the building. The marble contract was in the hands of the general contractor for the structure, William F. Miller and Sons, a local firm who had undertaken some important jobs in Pittsburgh including the Frick Building (1902). Since the Carnegie contract was probably the largest marble job undertaken in the country prior to 1904, there was no one company in America equipped to handle it, and the work was parceled out among several companies in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and Buffalo. One B. P. Young, in the employ of Miller, acted as coordinator of their activities, and he was sent to Greece to arrange for the shipments of the Vert Tinos for the Foyer as



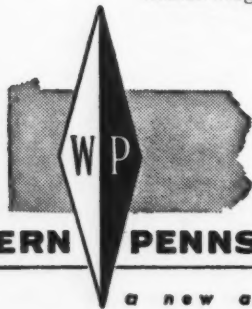
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well as Pentelic marble for Sculpture Court.

If the unfluted marble columns suggest late-eighteenth-century neo-Classicism, and the balcony railings have a Louis Seize quality, the golden ceiling is entirely Baroque in feeling. All of it is molded plaster covered with gold leaf. The Corinthian capitals, also of gilded plaster, are handsome and properly in scale, but the entablature above them is perhaps a little overfussy, plagued as it is by the usual garlands and cartouches. In the triangular indentations of the coved part of the ceiling—an echo of those in the Music Hall—are lunettes containing larger, freestanding cartouches and more garlands—standard devices of the neo-Baroque designer. The great ropelike bands of fruit and leaves outlining the indentations of the cove and the outer compartments of the central coffered ceiling recall most strongly the seventeenth century. It is interesting that the architects did not use the painted panel—a favorite motif of Baroque ceiling designers—in the over-all design, and those sections of the roof not gilded were tinted a pale grey. As one looks up at it from the main floor, the ceiling seems to open outward like some fabulous flower. These intricate recessional concavities, these remote dim glowings and corruscations, golden depths on further depths of richness, at once enchant and soothe the wondering eye. There is little Baroque in Pittsburgh, and it has never been really at home here, but in this one monument, at least, it abides supremely in our midst.

The elaborate concavity of the main ceiling is echoed in the gilded barrel vaults of the balcony corridors, but the groined vaults at the four angles of the room are extremely weak. The wall cornice below this vaulting has a series of molded brackets bearing the names of famous composers that recalls the frieze of names on the outer cornice of the building. This lettered compendium of musi-

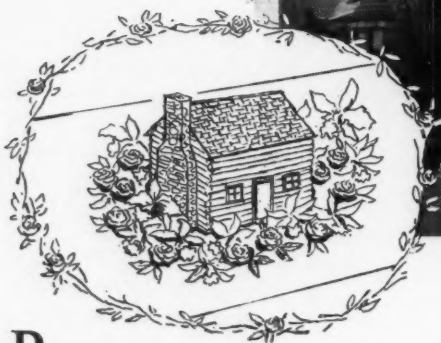
cal fame in the balcony constitutes a rather self-conscious Edwardian cultural note, as well as a dictionary of those musicians who were in favor during the early twentieth century.

A small consideration of the history of the construction of the ceiling furnishes us with some interesting social and artistic glimpses of the period. A. Russell Robinson, who came to Pittsburgh from Philadelphia in 1905 as superintendent for the plaster work in the building, especially the Foyer, is still living here and was also good enough to provide the writer with considerable information. Ornamental plaster work was, in those days, a branch of the art of sculpture, and workers in the field had to be highly skilled. All the details of the ceiling were molded and cast in a studio set up in the building, then put in place by the craftsmen. The superintendent had eighty-five plasterers working under him; the most important of them were the model-makers, the modelers, and the casters—the latter group mostly Italians. The foreman of the model-makers (those who made the molds) was a temperamental Frenchman who had been educated at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and the foreman of the modelers was also French. Howard Jones, representing the architects, looked in on the work occasionally. In general the plasterers received \$4.20 a day for a forty-four hour week. All in all, the Foyer ceiling cost approximately \$14,000.00 when it was completed; one hesitates to think what it would cost today, even if the craftsmen could be found who could execute it.

From the central rosettes of the coffered ceiling are suspended four golden chandeliers, interesting in that they were not intended to emulate Renaissance candle fixtures, but were designed as objects for the diffusion of electric light. Designing of electrical fixtures—still a relatively new field—challenged the in-

A Library for the People—

**And a
Dinner for a
President**



Probably few men give to their hometowns more lasting treasures than those who endow them with libraries. The dedication of the Carnegie Free Library in Allegheny, now Pittsburgh's North Side, was therefore a time for celebration. None other than the President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison, was on hand February 20, 1890 to declare the library and adjoining music hall free and open to the people.

The President was the guest of benefactor Andrew Carnegie at the Duquesne Club. The only outward indication that a distinguished visitor was being entertained at the club was the flag of the "Duquesne Greys," the 18th Regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard, over the entrance; but inside there was an air of festivity.

For your special occasions come fine foods from another North Side landmark, the home of the 57 Varieties.



A dinner honoring the Chief Executive was held before the ceremonies. On the third floor, a long table ran through two rooms; according to newspapers of the day, it was a "splendid triumph of floral art". The centerpiece, perhaps a bit strange to modern tastes, was a miniature replica of the Harrison family log cabin over which "were thrown delicate orchids and festoons of rosebuds." Roses and orchids trailed in profusion down the length of the table.

Guests included Pennsylvania's Governor Beaver, Congressman John Dalzell, Colonel Thomas McKee Bayne, Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley and the Carnegie Library dedication committee. Unfortunately, the menu of the evening has been lost; but so important an occasion and so distinguished a guest list must have inspired the chef to culinary heights.

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genuity of the Edwardians, and the neo-Baroque designers had considerable scope to display originality and inventiveness. Aldous Huxley has remarked somewhere that what the Baroque needed was electricity; the neo-Baroque had it in abundance—the lighting effects aimed at by the Edwardians were, however, not subtle and artfully dramatic as in modern buildings, but forthright and even a little crude. In the Foyer, naked light bulbs provided the illumination, and there was no attempt to conceal them on the chandeliers; a handsome scaffolding was prepared in which they could abundantly shine. The Music Hall itself has a coronet of light bulbs across the proscenium arch. In those days, there could not be enough electricity. In exposition grounds, amusement parks, banquet halls, and theaters, explosions of illumination assaulted the eye, so that it seemed as if night itself had been conquered. The official description of the dedicatory reception in the Foyer says that the hall was illumined by “a thousand electric lights,” and there are almost unreserved pride and triumph in that statement.

There are two minor rooms in connection with the Foyer that have a certain interest, although they have both lost their original functions. The first of these is the large “ladies’ salon” off the balcony, facing toward the loggia at the front of the building. Although elegantly designed in an extremely subdued Garnieresque manner and painted in a pale green-grey picked out in gold, it has the faint chilliness of a railway-station waiting room. It was probably intended simply as a meeting place for ladies during an Edwardian intermission (before 1914 respectable Pittsburgh women did not smoke in public), and, with its original deep-red velvet furniture providing a background for the elaborate feminine toilettes of the time, it must have been a handsome spectacle. Today all but

one of its grey marble archways have been filled in. The room is now being used by the new women’s committee of the Department of Fine Arts, perhaps a logical modern development. There was also a smoking room for men in the basement, which, with piers encased in Red Numidian marble and a vaguely Elizabethan ceiling, provided a properly masculine atmosphere for entr’acte cigars. It is now a classroom for the hobby painting classes. *Autre temps, autre mœurs!*

It was a happy thought that prompted the resurrection from storage of many of the Museum’s late-Victorian and Edwardian paintings and their placement on the walls of the Foyer and the stair halls. Their golden frames and glossy painted surfaces, as well as their subject matter, contribute notably to the period tone of the room.

And what of the future of the Foyer? “Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes”—no, not even the marbles of the princes of the market place or the lords of industry can be sure of any long existence in these tentative and uncertain times. Parade is no longer the order of the day, and wealth and fashion have long since deserted this golden hall for something more intimate, less showy, less nouveau riche. A dusty quietude haunts the marble balconies, and the rustle of silk is now rarely heard above the ceremonial floors. The Edwardian triumph and hope are departed, and only the splendid stone is left to mark their passing; we who are haunted by the high cost of up-keep and the nameless horrors of the Atomic Age can only hope that somehow this grand architectural gesture can be preserved. Even if a little heavy, it is a magnificent gesture in marble and gold, and in our own pinched and meager day, when there is so little grandeur left, we can be grateful it was so abundantly made. The stone still triumphs quite beyond the age and the occasion it celebrated.

1957 NEWS PIX SALON

AWARD for "best of show" in the thirteenth annual exhibition of the Press Photographers Association of Pittsburgh went to a picture taken in the Hall of Sculpture at Carnegie Institute by A. Martin Herrmann, of the *Pittsburgh Press*, shown at the left. The 1957 News Pix Salon may be seen on the balcony of Dinosaur Hall at the Institute this month, through June 2.

Twenty-seven photographers from Pittsburgh and western Pennsylvania submitted 225 pictures for the Salon. These are grouped into five classifications—news, sports, features, animals, personalities. Top prizes go to Harry Coughanour (*Post-Gazette*) for *Emergency Room Vigil*, Walter Stein (*Associated Press*) for *One Error! . . . One Out*, Edwin J. Morgan (*Sun-Telegraph*) for *Baseball Can Wait*, Charles Stuebgen (*Post-Gazette*) for *4-H Club*, and John Alexandrowicz (*Sun-Telegraph*) for *Thoughtful*.

The Association, which represents twelve newspapers in the area, has forty-five members, of whom approximately half are affiliated with the National Press Photographers Association. Some of their work is also currently being shown in the N.P.P.A.—*Encyclopedia Britannica* national contest and traveling exhibit. Mr. Stuebgen is president of the Pittsburgh Association; John Hurrianko (*Monesson Daily Independent*), vice president; Mr. Morgan, secretary; Don Stetzer (*Press*), treasurer. Mr. Stein is chairman of the Salon.



FOUR PRIZE-WINNERS

The work of four local press photographers taking awards in this year's News Pix Salon: THESE SNOWY HILLS by Walter F. Stein, Associated Press, 4-H CLUB by Charles Stuebgen, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*; A BEAUTY IN MARBLE HALL by A. Martin Herrmann, *Pittsburgh Press*; and BASEBALL CAN WAIT by Edwin J. Morgan, *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*.

ART AND NATURE BOOKSHELF

ABRAHAM RATTNER

A PORTFOLIO

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY ALLEN S. WELLER

University of Illinois Press, Urbana, 1956

Text and 24 plates. (\$20.00)

THE drawings of an accomplished painter generally reveal, more directly than do his paintings, the investigative and meditative parts of his nature. In the case of Abraham Rattner they illuminate his philosophy and speak with the directness of words—sometimes indeed with words as well—about the things that his artist's eye and mind consider important—truth revealed in nature, enduring religious themes, the vitality of experience.

In the present volume Mr. Weller presents examples of Rattner's work that show something of the variety of ways in which this artist develops his material. The range of his technical means—incisive ink line, wash, water color, calligraphy, and broad flat patterning—is wide; the intensity of his search for structure and meaning is constant. There are few empty or contrived passages, little exploitation of technique for its own sake.

Rattner's drawings are sometimes economical, often complex, but they are never far away from the artist's personal and immediate response. He does not labor to make visually explicit ideas that have their origins in nature, but neither does he seek to obscure meaning, or make his expression so personal that there is no bridge across which we can pass to share his wonder and delight, his passion and belief.

To those who know Rattner's paintings, these drawings may have an enhanced interest. But whoever searches for the springs of a painter's purpose and the sources from which his strength flows will find some rev-

elation of them here. To the drawings Mr. Weller has added perceptive notes, and has helpfully included many of the artist's own statements and visual notations in the text.

In its handsome format and illuminating content, and in its recognition by a great University of the values inherent in the creative process, this publication reflects credit upon its sponsors and editor. Whatever other part the artist plays on the academic stage, he certainly is an exemplar of the free inquiry to which universities must address themselves if they are to be fully useful. Rattner's usefulness as a teacher is extended by this portfolio, for though his reflections on the artist's functions are limited to comparatively few paragraphs—and some of them of a mystical turn—they reveal a sober concern for values that are permanent and a search for the reconciliation of meaning with expression from which our chaotic times can profit.

We are indebted to the University of Illinois for this publication. It is gratifying to know that one's old University can, despite its multiplicity of other pressing duties, consider in this and other admirable ways the place of the artist among us.

—NORMAN L. RICE

* * *

The Mound Builders were Indians who lived in the Ohio Valley from about 1000 B.C. to A.D. 1200. They belonged to two major cultural groups, the Adena and the Hopewell. Both groups buried their dead in large earth mounds.

* * *

The Stephen Island Wren, found on a tiny island in Cook Strait, New Zealand, is known to science from thirteen specimens, all killed by the lighthouse-keeper's cat. One of these is in Carnegie Museum's collection.

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